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AIR FORCE

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high, into the sun.
There they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
Atta boy, give æem the gun.
Down they go, spouting a flame from under
All with one, helluva roar,
We live in fame or go down in flames
But nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

RED RIVER VALLEY (Song of Teak Flight at Takhli)

From this valley they say you are leaving
I will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened this place for a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
And I'll tell you about the Red River Valley
And why it always makes me feel blue.

Way up yonder they say they've been going,
Where the Red flows by Hanoi to the sea,
And we call it the Red River Valley,
Where the flak is as bad as it can be.

To this valley he said we were flying,
But he never saw the pay that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into that valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission
That night at the bar Teak Flight did sing
About going to the Red River Valley
And how I was to fly on his wing.

Oh the flak was so thick in the valley,
That the MiGs and the missiles we don't need

We'd fly high and down sun in the valley
And I'll guard well the ass of Teak Lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing he gave I did not heed
They'll waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
Where it's fish heads and rice for Teak Lead. (NOTE: TEAK ONE or the leader, LEAD)
Now the roar of the jets on the runway,
Is a sound that the MiGs may well heed,
As we climb and heard towards the valley,
Keeping close on the tail of Teak Lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley
Back in the States it had always been fun
But with thunder and lightening all around us
'Twas the last A-A-R for Teak One. (air-to-air refueling)

The boss weasel warned of Fan Songs past the target (Boss weasel leads the fighters)
Tall white poles would rise to meet us in the sky to attack
When we pulled up off of our bomb run
The SAMs were fused to hit us where we fly. (Fan Song=SAM surface-to-air missiles)
radar.

Guidline=SAM-2.)

Our MiG chaser jets were up high to guard the strike force
While twenty-ones took off from Kep and Phuc Yen
But gomer planes would be in place to jump our slow ones
And their cannon (rocket) bursts would surely do them in. (F-4s on Cap.
fighter

protection)

The triple A rained up thick from the gunners
The orange flashes changed to black the sky
I followed Lead on down from the IP
(IP-initial
Dared not look up to see else I might die. point or
start

of bomb run)

Well Lead bore down through the flak toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets he drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run
'Twas fatal for another Teak Lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefing
We'll say a prayer as we tickle the beads
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my callsign today is Teak Lead.

THUNDERTHUD
(Irv Levine Korat-1968)

I'd like to tell the story about the Thunderthud,
The bad you heard about it, is just a bunch of crud.
It took a lot of us up north and brought us back again
And the man who speaks against it will hear our mighty hymn.
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

Oh hallelujah, hallelujah, throw a nickle on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass. Hallelujah, hallelujah. Throw a
nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

Oh it's heavy as heavy and you'll curse it like a cob,
It ain't no dinky sports car, it's built to do the job.
While the (F4s) others cry for Jollies to come and pick them up,
It's the One-Oh-Five that brought you to a cool one in the club.

So hallelujah, hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass. Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Throw a nickel on the grass a you'll be saved.

Oh the F4 jocks are brazen, they're balls are made of brass,
They're shit hot and they'll tell you they're in a special class,
But let the bastards take one, to head them for the trees,
Then it's Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, won't you save me please.

Oh hallelujah, hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass. Hallelujah, hallelujah. Throw a
nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

Oh you say you fly up yonder and you're not afraid of flak,
You sail through hell of SAMs and MiGs, you're a mighty scrappy chap.
You're shit hot and you know it, but the truth it is my friend,
It's the One-Oh-Five that took you there and brought you back again.

So hallelujah, hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass. Hallelujah, hallelujah.

Throw a nickel on the grass a you'll be saved.

So don't you growl and grumble like a dog without a bone,
It's the one bird in the whole damn war that's built to bring you home,
While the others stayed below the Red, you risked you ass and blood
so don't forget what took you there, the good old Thunderthud.
So hallelujah, hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass. Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Throw a nickel on the grass a you'll be saved.

At last you did your hundred and now you're headed home,
Remember you were king up there while on that thunder throne,
With your hand upon its throttle, you're in a separate class,
You're a fighter-bomber pilot, let the others kiss your ass.

So hallelujah, hallelujah, throw a nickel on the grass,
Save a fighter pilot's ass. Hallelujah, hallelujah.
Throw a nickel on the grass a you'll be saved.

WILL THERE BE A TOMORROW

(Dick Jonas- 1969)

Can you say, will the sun rise tomorrow
Will there be any time left to borrow
Will the poet make a rhyme, will there be any time
Can you say will there be a tomorrow

Seems to me I have been here forever
Will this war ever end, maybe never
Will the dawn still arrive, will I still be alive
Or will I sleep alone here forever

There's someone who I'm sure, loves me only
She's the one on my mind, when I'm lonely
Does she know, can she see, is she still true to me
Does she know what its like to be lonely
From the sea comes the sun, dawn is breaking
Soon the fight of my life, I'll be making
If I die over here, will they know, will they care
Will there be joy or hearts that are breaking

Can you say, will the sun rise tomorrow
Will there be any time left to borrow
Will the poet make a rhyme, will there be any time

Can you say will there be a tomorrow

THE RED RIVER RATS FIGHTER PILOTSÆ BATTLE HYMN
(Dick Jonas - 1969)

The Red River Rats meet again,
Telling tales, remembering when,
Battles joined in the skies,
Shed our blood, gave our lives,
The Red River Rats meet again.

War is never a beautiful thing,
But we fought for the right on the wing,
Dropping bombs, dodging flak,
Fighting MiGs, we'll be back,
Shouts the Rats' battle cry, let it ring!

Sing the Red River RatÆs Battle Hymn
Hold your head high, stand tall, you are men.
Never run from a fight, be prepared day and night
Shout the RatÆs battle cry, let it ring.

Look around, there's a few empty chairs,
Honored comrades should be sitting there,
Some are dead where they fell,
Some fought on in a cell,
Charge your glass, raise it high, drink to them.

I'll tell you a tale that'll curl your hair.
I'll tell you the truth 'cause I was there,
About what happened in Ho Chi Minh's backyard.
Gyrine, sailor and Air Force type,
Black smoke pouring from a hot tailpipe,
Flying and fighting and living a life that's hard.

Black smoke, flak smoke, red SAM fire,
Pressing your luck right down to the wire,
Then pickle 'em off and boot that mother for home.
But the battle's not over 'til you're parked and chocked,
So if you fly and fight, keep your guns unlocked,
And don't try to fly and fight when you're all alone.

What's that telltale wisp I see?

It's a contrail pulled by a Fishbed C
And the cards are stacked and it looks like time to deal.
Lead's got bandits at twelve o'clock high,
So let's bend 'em around and scramble for sky,
And arm your guns, this ain't no game, it's real.

We flew the valley and the railroad lines,
From Dien Bien Phu to the Cam Pho mines,
And the price was high and measured in rich red blood.
When the deeds are told in the halls of fame,
And the warriors gather, you'll hear these names:
Skyhawk, Crusader, Intruder, Phantom, Thud.
The Red River Rats meet again,
Telling tales, remembering when,
Battles joined in the skies,
Shed our blood, gave our lives,

DOWNTOWN
(Irv Levine-1968)

Well if the briefer speaks drawly
and your skin get's all crawly
you can bet you'll go, DOWNTOWN.
There's fear in your heart
and you're too scared to fart
Because you know you'll go. DOWNTOWN
You'll bomb a nit noy bridge in the heart of the city,
and get your ass shot off, oh it's really quite a pity.
Who logged this frag?
The SAMs are much brighter there
Your hair turns much whiter there, 'cause you are
Downtown, please don't send me there
Downtown, my pants always get peed there
Downtown, they're always waiting for me.

Now when I feel panic and I run to the clinic
And not have to go Downtown.
Get sick in a hurry and not have to worry
"Bout having to go, Downtown.
I tell the doc about my aches and how I feel so shitty,
He gives me lots of APCs and very little pity,
What should I do?

Should I take in stride or try to save up my hide but go
Downtown, where they will shoot me up,
Downtown, I'll throw my breakfast up
Downtown, they're always waiting at me.

Now, there is a solution and it won't take much goosing
to get me to go, Downtown.
Just load one right on me any old atom bomb me
and I'll take it Ho. Downtown.
Watch the shitheads run as I disintegrate their city,
Oh where did they all go? My that fireball's sure pretty,
Tough break there Ho.
Well your town is much thinner now, I'll go eat my dinner now
and not have to go again,
Downtown, 'cause it don't thrill me none
Downtown, where they will kill me some,
Downtown, their always waiting for me.
Downtown, Hanoi, Downtown.

THUD RIDGE
(Irv Levine- 1968)

Oh there are some hills in North Vietnam,
They call "old Thud Ridge" and they point on down
Towards the heart of town, past Hia Gia bridge.
For those who fly up yonder, through a hail of SAMs and flak,
Or a MiG on your tail, can really be hell
For some won't be coming back.

I can't recall his name now, and I can't show you the place
Where a friend was shot down near the heart of town
While tears ran down my face.
Woe to the kids and widow
Who bear their grief alone,
For their man who flew up yonder,
He won't be coming home.
I don't know that it's worth it,
That we hold a sacred trust,
There are those at home burn draft cards and groan

But they don't speak for us.

Now there are some hills in North Vietnam,
They call "old Thud Ridge" and they point on down
Towards the heart of town, past Hia Gia bridge.
Yes there are some hills in North Vietnam,
They call "old Thud Ridge" and they'll be there
'till the trumpets' blare to call the lost pilots home.

FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL
(Aviation CadetÆs Marching song of WW II)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
Oh there are no bomber pilots in the fray
They're in the USOs wearing ribbons, fancy clothes
But there are no bomber pilots in the fray.

Oh a bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh a bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on, he's reading novels in the john
Oh a bomber pilot's life is just a farce.

Oh a bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh a bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged and his women overaged
Oh a bomber pilot never takes a dare.

Oh the other Air Corps pilots think they're grand
Oh the other Air Corps pilots think they're grand
They're busy flipping switches like a bunch of son of bitches
And a fighter plane they just don't understand.

Oh they say a transport pilot's mighty swell
Oh they say a trash hauler's might swell
But let him take a hit, he'll fill his pants with shit
And we'll know him by his really awful smell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Wing
The place is full of brass, sitting around on their fat ass
So there are no fighter pilots up in Wing

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They're over across the way getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan.

Oh a fighter pilot's life is not a joke
Oh a fighter pilot's life is not a joke
He's off to fight and die, he's the terror of the sky,
And for lunch he has a candy bar and coke

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They're all on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States.
Oh its naughty, naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice.
It'll ruin your reputation and increase the population
Oh its naughty, naughty naughty but it's nice.

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh the place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.
Hell no!

SAC PILOTS DOWN IN HELL (SAC Version)

Oh, there are no SAC crew members down in hell.
No, there are no SAC crew members down in hell.
The place has racketeers and civilians drinking beer
But, there are no SAC crew members down in hell.

Now the A/C learned to fly with Orville Wright
Yes, the A/C learned to fly with Orville Wright.
HeÆs got lots of flying time
But I think heÆs past his prime
And I don't think he can even see at night.

Our navigatorÆs always in the dark,
Our navigatorÆs always in the dark,
HeÆs suppose to shoot the stars
But he flies the VORs
And Our navigatorÆs always in the dark.

Our EWO is just another airborne clerk
Our EWO is just another airborne clerk
On the gravy train he rides,
When thereÆs work to do, he hides
He ainÆt nothing but a spot promoted jerk.

Our radar thinks that heÆs a VIP.
Our radar thinks that heÆs a VIP.
He falls asleep in the climb
He donÆt even know the time
And we always have to wake him at the IP.

Our gunner is the worst one of the bunch
Our gunner is the worst one of the bunch
HeÆs always down in town, chasing girlies all around
And he always has a case of beer for lunch.

So, there are no SAC crew members down in hell.
No, there are no SAC crew members down in hell.
TheyÆre all too scared to die, so they flunk their ORIs
So, there are no SAC crew members down in hell.

There are no chopper pilots down in hell
There are no chopper pilots down in hell
They bounce girlies on their lap
So theyÆve always got the measels
And there are no chopper pilots down in hell.

All the Army chopper jocks are over at Fort Rucker
All the Army chopper jocks are over at Fort Rucker
They love it at Brigade cause theyÆre always getting haircuts
And the Army chopper jocks are over at Fort Rucker.

Now, there are no Navy pilots down in hell.
No, there are no Navy pilots down in hell.
The Marines who guard the gate, they just like to make them wait
And there are no Navy pilots down in hell.

Now, theyÆre sending the Marines down to hell.
Yes, theyÆre sending the Marines down to hell.
TheyÆre going on the attack
TheyÆre gonna take that damn place back
So theyÆre sending the Marines right down to hell.

DOUMER BRIDGE
(Irv Levine - 1968)

We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
Doumer bridge, Doumer bridge.
We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
And the bridge came tumbling down.

Eighteen December sixty-seven
At noon like a thunderclap
We dropped seven spans of Doumer bridge
Into Ho Chi Minh's wet lap.
Well now, we fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
I said Doumer bridge, Doumer bridge.
We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
And the bridge came tumbling down.

You can talk about your river Kwai bridge
And the one at Than Hoa too,
But we dropped seven spans of Doumer bridge
Into the mud and goo.

So, we fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
Doumer bridge, Doumer bridge.
We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
And the bridge came tumbling down.

Now we left some friends up yonder,
Due to SAMs and MiGs and flak,
But if Ho puts that damned bridge up
Well, we'll all be going back.

Yea, we fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
Doumer bridge, Doumer bridge.
We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
And the bridge came tumbling down.

Ho says he holds all the cards boys,
And he plays them with great joy.
I wonder how he'd like a game of bridge
Up at old Hanoi?

Yea, we fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
Doumer bridge, Doumer bridge.
We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
And the bridge came tumbling down.

For those who've gone before us,
Yes, those on that far shore,
We know we'll not forget them soon
But let's sing it just once more.

Yea, we fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
Doumer bridge, Doumer bridge.
We fought the battle of Doumer bridge,
And the bridge came tumbling down.

GOLDEN JOCK
(Irv Levine - 1968)

Oh, my golden jock hangs on the wall
But itÆs been worn a lot since way last fall
CouldnÆt cover my ass, but it saved my balls
When I rode in the Thud in the morning.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat
Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.

Oh my golden jock that I wore aloft,
Yours may be brass, but mine are soft,
And I didnÆt want Ho to shoot æem off
When I rode in the Thud in the morning.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat
Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap

The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.

Now if youÆre a fighter pilot with lots of dash
And you donÆt want Ho to ram one up your ass
Get a golden jock and itÆll last and last
When you ride in the Thud in the morning.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat
Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.

Now the 469th has no golden jock
But a camouflaged coat that they wear a lot
And I think itÆs just to hide the spot
When they snap their bean in the morning.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat
Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.

Now the 44th Squadron don't snap their bean
Cause they like to keep their fingers clean
But they chase our nurses
If you know what I mean
Fore the ride in the Thud in the morning.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat
Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.
Now the grunts run around like a bunch of squirrels
And I know theyÆd like to give sex a whirl
But they canÆt decide between boys and girls,
LetÆs ship æem all back to California.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.

If you go to heaven well you wont be late,
YouÆll fly your Thud through PeteÆs front gate
YouÆre one guy he wonÆt try to stop,
HeÆll recognize you by your golden jock.

CHORUS:

Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear because it fits so neat
Oh, that golden jockstrap, oh, that golden jockstrap
The golden jock I always wear and I donÆt mean on my feet.

PUFF THE MAGIC DRAGON

Puff the Magic Dragon, a bird of Cam Ranh bon
Came to fly the evening skies
In a land called Vietnam.

Puff the Magic Dragon, came across the sea,
To write itÆs name in guns of flame
In the heart of hostile SEA

When the grunts are in trouble
And CharlieÆs all around
The thoughts may pry into the sky
Beneath the fires on the ground

The VCÆs mortal terror, starts when many cries
And the DragonÆs breath of sudden death
Comes screaming from the sky.

Yes, Puff will still be flying,
From one corps down to four
Till CharlieÆs gone and the evening comes
ItÆs like the year before.

But IÆll remember always, the ground troops grateful cry,
When fire is beamed and Charlie screamed
At the Dragon in the sky.

Now Dragons live forever and the Puff is just the same,
The Gooney Bird will still be heard when Grandpa is my name.
It will have to roam the skies with friends ..not with me
For IÆm going home, no more to roam
In a land across the sea.

Puff the Magic Dragon, a bird of Cam Ranh bon
Came to fly the evening skies
In a land called Vietnam.

Puff the Magic Dragon, came across the sea,
To write itÆs name in guns of flame
In the heart of hostile SEA

EXTRACAMOFLAUGELISTIC SUPER CONSTALLATION
(J.J Smith & Bill Person - 1968)

CHORUS;
We fly the extracamoflaugelistic super constellation
Even though the sound of it will cause you consternation
If you fly it long enough, itÆll give you constipation,
The extracamoflaugelistic super constellation.

HereÆs the story of the speckled BUFF, the Lockheed Super R.
ItÆs gained less fame in the air than it has in all the bars.
But if you jeer a Connie man, heÆll answer without fail,
ôIÆll bet you mothers hanging æround canÆt handle that much tail.ö

CHORUS
When I was in Texas, flying one three ohs, my Wing Commander told me
That I just had to go, up to the far off north land, Cape Cod with all itÆs
snow
To fly the Lockheed Speed-brake, itÆs very, very slow.

CHORUS:

We, fly and fly and fly and fly and fly and fly and fly,
Because it takes so long for us to climb up in the sky
But even after all of this, we still arenÆt too high,
ThatÆs why the pilots sit around and all they do is cry.

CHORUS:

The Buff it doesn't have much speed, it really is quite slow,
It won't go anywhere if on its nose the wind does blow,
We fly in tiny circles round, we go and go and go,
That is until the fire lights begin to buzz and glow.

CHORUS:

One day the engineer yelled out, 'We blew a PRT!
The A/C calmly turned around said, 'Feather number three.
The young stud in the right seat whined, 'Oh dear, Lord why me?
To think I finished high enough to get an F-4C.'

CHORUS:

When we were in Thailand, we shared the base with Thuds,
Oh see them gaily walk around in all their fancy duds,
Just sitting on the bar stools, a sipping up the suds,
Oh gee, I wish that I could fly that great big Thunder Thud.

CHORUS:

We spend our monthly earnings out chasing Thai puying
And nightly lifting mugs of cheer, while dirty songs we sing,
Then when we get all horny, and feel the mighty throb,
We go down to the bath house and get a great hand job.

CHORUS:

We have our own great heroes, each a wondrous guy
And if you'll hear their hairy tails, the drinks they'll gladly buy.
Once a mighty major, brave, was up where the VC roam,
He saw two shots of triple A and brought the mother home.

CHORUS:

We fly our speckled Buffs away up in the sky,
That's how we spend the whole damned week, just fly and fly and fly.
We fly in tiny circles round, over near the fray,
But will we ever join the fight, you'll never see the day.

CHORUS:

The flack that Charlie throws at us while in the darken hours

Is really such a pretty sight with all its sparking showers
But does that really scare us, or chill us to our bones,
Hell, half the crew is sound asleep while the rest eat ice cream cones.

CHORUS:

I long for the time to come when I can get some rest
And go back home to the big BX where the loving is the best,
Till our job be done, our tour complete, should either be the same,
And these damned Buffs go back to TWA, the place from which they came.

CHORUS:

ItÆs the extracamoflaugelistic super constellation
Number one priority in all of the nation,
McNamara chose it in a fit of desperation,
The extracamoflaugelistic super constellation!

I'M A LONESOME CO-PILOT

(Tune -Sweet Betsy from Pike)

I'm a lonesome co-pilot, I sit on the right
I'm strong and courageous and terribly bright
My job's to remember what the Captain forgets
And keep to my place without any regrets.

I pick up the gear, drop it and standby to feather,
And keep my composure in all kinds of weather
If he makes a landing that's rather rusty,
I tell him, "Yes, sir, it surely is gusty!"

I write all his letters and keep him in cokes.
And laugh when he tells me his corny old jokes.
I buy him his whiskey and hire all his whores
Then I fly the damned plane to the sounds of his snores.

One day I'll make Captain and sit in that seat

And take a vacation, now won't that be neat?
I'll take my position and be like the rest
Because as a co-pilot, I learned from the best.

I'm a lonesome co-pilot and a long way from home.
I joined this here Air Corps forever to roam.
When a I get new orders, I stand up and cheer
But when they get cancelled, I cry in my beer.
I'm a lonesome co-pilot and a long way from home.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE
(Like a Rambling Wreck)

Oh come and join the Air Force and you will never mind,
You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Oh come and join the Air Force and you will never mind.
This ship won't fly, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
You'll be a dish for happy fish but you will never mind.
You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Oh come and join the Air Force and you will never mind.
You're off to war for medals galore but that will never be
They keep them home for Weenies' sons and other VIPs
You'll have to play in the gory fray but you'll will never mind,
You'll never mind, you'll never mind.
Oh come and join the Air Force and you will never mind.
You'll collect your points in lousy joints, it really is a bitch.
But they won't promote a mother's son on this side of the ditch
You'll have to wait 'till the war is won but you will never mind.
You'll never mind, you'll never mind, Oh come and join the Air
Force and you will never mind.

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
by Barry Sadler and Robin Moore (1966)

Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who jump and die
Men who mean just what they say
The brave men of the Green Beret

Silver wings upon their chests
These are men, America's best
One hundred men we'll test today

But only three win the Green Beret

Trained to live off nature's land
Trained to combat.... hand to hand
Men who fight by night and day
Courage take from the Green Beret

Silver wings upon their chests
These are men, America's best
One hundred men we'll test today
But only three win The Green Beret
Back at home a young wife waits
Her Green Beret has met his fate
He has died for those oppressed
Leaving her his last request
Put silver wings on my son's chest
Make him one of America's best
He'll be a man they'll test one day
Have him win The Green Beret

ANOTHER VERSE

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a pilot named Glen
Who took his plane up for a spin.
Well, the engine it coughed
And the wings did come off,
This augured an end of Glen.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a man named Harry
Who swore he'd never marry,
Some kids came along
He changed his song,
Now that is a tale I call scary.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli

So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.
There once was a man from Blackheath,
Who sat on a pair of false teeth,
He said with a start
Oh Lord bless my heart,
I've bitten myself underneath.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a lady from Flynn
Who was most decidedly thin
So when she essayed
to drink lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a lady named Moore,
Who squatted behind the door,
The wind blew it shut
and pinched her butt
She'll never piss there anymore.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a man from Boston,
Who drove around in a little red Austin,
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls they hung out and he lost them.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a lady named Alice

Who used a stick of dynamite for a phallus
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And the rest of her came down in Dallas.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a man from Kent,
Whose pecker was uncommonly bent,
So to save him from trouble
He bent it back double
And instead of coming, he went.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a girl named Charlotte
Who was pretty enough to be a starlet
She was wooed and pursued
Until she was screwed
Now sheÆs a most happy harlot.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a man named Sweeny
Who spilled some gin oin his weenie
He thought it uncouth
So he added vermouthe
And slipped his wife a martini.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

There once was a man named Dave
Who kept a deat whore in his cave
He said it was awful
And likely unlawful
But think of the money he saved.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.
There once was a nun named Alice
Who pissed in the Arch BishopÆs chalice
It was generally agreed
It was done out of need
And so much out of malice.

Aye, yai, yai yai, in China they never eat chilli
So here comes another verse that's worse than the other verse
So waltz me around again Willy.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate (P-38)
They're scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus:
Just give me operations
Way out in some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
And I just want to grow old.

Don't give me a P-39, (P-39)
The engine is mounted behind,
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Chorus:
Don't give me a Peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know (P-40)
A ground looping bastard, you're sure to get plastered
Don't give me a Peter four oh.

Chorus:
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave some good pilots a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug (P-47)
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Chorus:

Don't give me a P-51, it was great for fighting the Hun (P-51)
But with the coolant tank dry, you'll run out of sky

Don't give me a P-51.

Chorus:

Don't give me a 51-D, the engine is trouble you see, (P-51D)
If the coolant does squirt, you'll eat mustang dirt,
Don't give me a 51-D.

Chorus:

Don't give me a P-59, King Cobra's not a favorite of mine, (P-59)
It's skin is too soft, won't keep me aloft,
Don't give me a P-59.

Chorus:

Don't give me a P-61, night fighters are not any fun (P-61)
You say it's a lark, but I'm scared in the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Chorus:

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go but not very far (F-80)
It'll roar and then spout and the flame will go out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Chorus:

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground loving whore, (F-84)
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and then clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Chorus:

Don't give me an 84-G, it's wings are straight as can be,
It's still a big hog and it flies like a log,
Don't give me an 84-G.

Chorus:

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets, radar and A/B
It's fast, I don't care, it blows up in mid-air
Don't give me an 86-D.

Chorus:

Don't give me an F-89, the Scorpion's too slow in a climb,
By the time you get up there, the target's not anywhere,

Don't give me an F-89.

Chorus:

Don't give me a one-double-oh, the bastard is ready to blow,
The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer.
Don't give me a one-double-oh.

Chorus:

Don't give me an F-101, one tight turn and you're done
You see it swaps ends and then does flat spins,
Don't give me an F-101.

Chorus:

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when it's blue,
An all weather coffin, that flames out so often.
Don't give me an F-102.

Chorus:

Don't give me an F-104, it's fast as a damn meteor
It falls down and crashes and turns you to ashes,
Don't give me an F-104.

Chorus:

Don't give me a big Thunderchief, (F-105)
It'll take your life like a thief,
It's heavy, you bet, it's a big killer jet.
Don't give me a big Thunderchief.

Chorus:

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out in a dive,
A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels in it,
Don't give me a C-45.

Chorus:

Don't give me a C-46, it's one bird that no one can fix,
It flew over the "Hump" but it won't fit my rump.
Don't give me a C-46.

Chorus:

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on the floor,
And we'll go fat-catt'n from here to Manhattan,
Don't give me a C-54.

Chorus:

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get back alive,
The Russian MiGs chase'em, they soon will erase'em.
Don't give me a B-45.

Chorus:

(For Clinton)
You can give me a job up in Wing,
I like the sings that they sing
The place it has class
And I love to chase ass
So give me a job up in Wing.
Oh give me Operations, way out on a Pacific isle,
Where the girls in hula skirts
Are prone for romance
And I will never feel old.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Morrie's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple Bar we loved so well
See the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.

Yes the magic of their singing of the songs we loved so well
Shall I wasting and mavoureen and the rest
We shall serenade our Louie, while life and voice shall last
And we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.
We're poor little lambs who have lost our way
BAA BAA BAA
We're little black sheep who have gone astray
BAA BAA BAA
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree

Doomed from here to eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we
BAA BAA BAA.

JUNIOR BIRDMEN

Up in the air junior birdmen,
Up in the air junior birdmen upside down
When you see the postman coming
With the wings made of tin,
You can tell the junior birdmen
Have sent their boxtops in.

AIR CORPS LAMENT (WW-II)

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextant, maps and such
You can tell a fighter pilot BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The force is shot to hell!

Mine eyes have seen the days when brave men ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The force is shot to hell!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The force is shot to hell!

My bones have felt the pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right a deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The force is shot to hell!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one

The force is shot to hell!

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The force is shot to hell!

They flew B-26s through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The force is shot to hell!

Yes, the lordy Flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The force is shot to hell!
One day I buzzed an airfield with another happy chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you both will burn in hell!

CHORUS: Glory..flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The force is shot to hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong

But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The force is shot to hell!

FINAL CHORUS: Glory! No more regulations!
Rip them down at every station!
Hang the ass of the guy that makes one!
AND LET'S ALL FLY LIKE HELL! HELL YES!

AIR FORCE LAMENT (Vietnam Era)
(Tune: Battle hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days when brave men ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Force is shot to hell.

CHORUS: Glory...flying regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
The Force is shot to hell.

My chest has felt the mighty roar of countless fighter jets
An awesome airborne legion sent to make the commies fret
But now it's only memory, cause we ain't beat them yet.
The Force is shot to hell.

CHORUS:

I have seen them in their big Thuds when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their thunder bomb runs that blasted Nguyen's name.
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
The Force is shot to hell.

CHORUS:

They flew their F-4 Phantoms through a living hell of flack
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack.
The Force is shot to hell.

CHORUS:
The Navy's mighty Skyhawk and their big Intruder, too
Once wreaked destruction up yonder with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and the planes have lost their hue.
And they can't fly for hell.

They flew Arc Light and Linebacker with the big B-52
And spelled the doom of Charlie with bombs out of the blue.
But now the skys are silent and the planes are rusting too.
The force is shot to hell.

CHORUS:

LBJ and McNamara ran the war in Vietnam
They had a bunch of silly rules that were never worth a damn
It gave the real advantage to their MiGs, and guns and SAMs
It shot our force to hell.

CHORUS:

McNamara betrayed us with his rules that made no sense.
He only let us shoot back when it was self-defense.
Now heÆs all repentent and he acts so intense.
Well, he can go to hell.

CHORUS:

Then came Nixon and Kissinger to save our face, you see.
They sold us out, there is not doubt, itÆs as plain as it can be
They pardoned the draft-dodgers so they could all be free,
But the vets were screwed to hell.

CHORUS:

Kissinger and Nixon said the war theyÆd quickly end.
They said the nationÆs turmoil, they must surely mend,
And from Southeast Asia, our boys theyÆd homeward send.
Peace with honor, my ass.

CHORUS:

We never learn to recognize our real enemy
Because they look so very much just like you and me
Those silly sons of bitches all live in old D.C.
And they treat our guys like hell.

Glory...no more flying regulations
Rip them down from every station
Hang the ass of the man who makes one!
AND LETÆS ALL FLY LIKE HELL!
HELL YES!

RAVEN FAC

(Tune- Five Foot Two)

IÆm a Raven FAC, dressed in black

Directing bombs on NguyenÆ back
Has anybody seen my smoke?

ThereÆs trucks down there,... PLs everywhere
Brother, I could use TAC Air,
CanÆt anybody see my smoke?

Well, if youÆre got CBUs, Rockeye, too,
Even a bit of nape will do,
Fighters, you are cleared in hot (Hit my smoke)

ThereÆs a traffic jam, where I am
Please blast them with a mighty wham
WonÆt anybody see my smoke?
Well, if you run into, a ZPU
YouÆre flying too low
Triple A all the way
ThatÆs how you earn your combat pay.
Thunderstorms all around, I canÆt even see the ground
But Hillsburger wonÆt let me go.
I want to RTB, to 93
The weatherÆs shitty at NKP
But Hillsburger wonÆt let me go.
IÆm at CatcherÆs Mitt, took a hit
My plane is ablaze,
You can say, it ainÆt my day,
Nguyen blew my plane away

In my chute, coming down {Ravens never wore chutes}
NguyenÆs waiting on the ground, (I hate the food there)
Beeper, beeper, come up voice (Save my butt, please)
Beeper, beeper, come up voice (I need a ride home)
Beeper, beeper, come up voice!

I FLY THE LINE

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine,
This sectorÆs mine, I fly the line.

Patrolling on the Plain of Jars really is great
ItÆs these out of country missions I appreciate

I'll fly and fight anywhere and anytime
Because they're mine, I fly the line.

Small arms and 37s I don't sweat
It's fifty cal and ZPUs that I fret
White puffs far away are a good sign
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

Armed with rockets and binoculars I go
Out to see what I can see and hope to know,
Where ol Charlie runs and hides and spends his time
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

When I find Charlie on the ground, I call for air
Then I roll in to mark when they get there
Hit my smoke and run in on the east-west line
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

This plane I fly is as old as Ho Chi Minh, himself
Sometimes I wish they'd never took it off the shelf
Two hundred feet a minute rate of climb is fine.
This sector's mine, I fly the line.

I keep a close watch on these lands of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
Directing air strikes is a specialty of mine,
Raven's my callsign, I fly the line.

PULL THE PIPE FROM THE GAS HOLE
(Dick Jonas)

Pull that boom from the gas hole, tanker, let me go.
Clear me out of this Anchor track before the sun sinks low.
I got a buddy on the ground up north in Route Pack 4
Pull the pipe from the gas hole, boomer, let me go.

We rolled in on a bridge up north about daylight
And the guns on the ground were looking for a fight
Pulling off we got hosed pretty good with ZPU
And they shot off the starboard wing of Wolfpack 2.

Pull that boom from the gas hole, tanker, let me go.
Clear me out of this Anchor track before the sun sinks low.

I got a buddy on the ground up north in Route Pack 4
Pull the pipe from the gas hole, boomer, let me go.

Well, Wolfpack 2 was on the beeper when he hit the ground,
I told him, ôDonÆtcha go no where, just hang around.ö
I got a Jolly Green Giant cominÆ in.. in a little while.
So hang loose, old buddy, gonna bring you home in style.ö
Pull that boom from the gas hole, tanker, let me go.
Clear me out of this Anchor track before the sun sinks low.
I got a buddy on the ground up north in Route Pack 4
Pull the pipe from the gas hole, boomer, let me roar.

Now Sandy rolled in first with nape and fifty cal
And that super Jolly Green looked as good as a big eyed gal.
Wolfpack 2 spent the night down south at NKP
With a tall Sing-hi and puying on his knee.
Pull that boom from the gas hole, tanker, let me go.
Clear me out of this Anchor track before the sun sinks low.
I got a buddy on the ground over at NKP
Pull the pipe from the gas hole, boomer, let me RTB. (Return to base)

JOLLY GREEN
(Tune- Abilene)

Jolly Green, Jolly Green, itÆs all painted brown and green.
Well, the prettiest bird that IÆve ever seen is Jolly Green, my Jolly
Green.

Got shot down, about daylight,
Flack and the missiles were hitting just right
Got on the horn with all my might,
Call Jolly Green, my, Jolly Green.
Jolly Green, Jolly Green, itÆs all painted brown and green.
Well, the prettiest bird that IÆve ever seen is Jolly Green, my Jolly
Green.

I sit alone, here in this tree
Afraid of Charlie as I can be
Wish to the Lord that I could see that Jolly Green, my Jolly Green.
Jolly Green, Jolly Green, itÆs all painted brown and green.
Well, the prettiest bird that IÆve ever seen is Jolly Green, my Jolly
Green.
Sound of rotors now IÆve heard,

Here comes that great big whirlybird
A PJÆs cable now IÆve seen on Jolly Green, my Jolly Green.
Jolly Green, Jolly Green, itÆs all painted brown and green
Well, the prettiest bird that IÆve ever seen is Jolly Green, my Jolly Green.

BATTLE OF 18.23
(Tune- Battle of New Orleans)

To 18.23 we took a little flight
On J C S direction we carried on the fight
We took some baby hueys and we took a Weasel too
And we bombed that bloody bridge until the pieces flew

Chorus:
Oh they fired their guns and the one-oh-fives kept comin'
Though there wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
They fired their missiles as the "Fives" began their run
On that bloody muckin' bridge in the valley far below

Oh we lost four ships and the men in them too
Before we dropped a span in the muddy muckin' goo
We tried it twice by land and we tried it twice by sea
The J C S were so tickled, they giggled happily.

Chorus:
Oh they fired their guns and the one-oh-fives kept comin'
Though there wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
They fired their missiles as the "Fives" began their run
On that bloody muckin' bridge in the valley far below

Now our triple granny bombs really gave them fits
The gomers all for miles around musta had the shits
Now there's no more supplies will cross old Doumer Bridge
Cause we dropped seven spans of that ruddy river bridge.

Chorus:
Oh they fired their guns and the one-oh-fives kept comin'
Though there wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
They fired their missiles as the "Fives" began their run
On that bloody muckin' bridge in the valley far below

Now 18.23 will never more be used,
Once they decide how the bombs should be fused

There's no time for joy and no time for sorrow
The bastards have another and it's fragged for tomorrow

Chorus:

Oh they fired their guns and the one-oh-fives kept comin'
Though there wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
They fired their missiles as the "Fives" began their run
On that bloody muckin' bridge in the valley far below

DASHING THROUGH THE SKY
(Tune- Jingle Bells)

Dashing through the sky,
In a Foxtrot one-oh-five,
Through the flak we fly,
Trying to stay alive.
The SAMs destroy our calm,
The MiGs come up to play,
What fun it is to strafe and bomb
The D.R.V. today!

CHORUS:

C B Us, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Hillsburger has your frag,
The FAC's fired marking smoke
So use nap and high drag
That'll really make them croak
There's trucks down there below
Time to arm your gun
Now sight the pipper's glow
And blast them as they run.

Chorus:

C B Us, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

Heads up Ho Chi Minh,
The Fives are on their way.
Your luck has give in,

There's going to be hell to pay.
Today it is our turn,
To make you gawk and burn
What fun it is to watch things burn
And blow up everywhere.

Chorus:
C B Us, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,
Our Christmas gift to you.

CALL OUT THE RESERVES
(My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)
In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace time they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the gol' darn reserve.

CHORUS:
Call out, call out,
Call out the gol'darn reserves, reserves.
Call out, call out, call out the gol'darn reserves.

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the gol'darn reservist
Whenever the crap hits the fan.

CHORUS:
Call out, call out,
Call out the gol'darn reserves, reserves.
Call out, call out, call out the gol'darn reserves.
They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan.

CHORUS:
Call out, call out,
Call out the gol'darn reserves, reserves.
Call out, call out, call out the gol'dern reserves.
Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the gol'darn reservists

Their arse would be draggin' the floor.

CHORUS:

Call out, call out,

Call out the gol'darn reserves, reserves.

Call out, call out, call out the gol'darn reserves.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home

I'm tired and I want to go to bed

I had a little drink about an hour ago

and it went right to my head

Where ever I may roam

On land or sea or foam

You will always hear me singing this song

Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode

I'm fatigued and I want to retire

I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago

And it went right to my cerebellum

Where ever I may perambulate

On land, or sea or atmospheric vapor

You can always hear me crooning the melody

Indicate the way to my abode

HAPPY FLIER

Once there was a maiden, who lived on Drury Lane

Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same

Along came a flier, as happy as he could be

And he is the cause of all her misery

He asked her for a lantern to light his way to bed

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head

And she like a foolish maid, thinking they would wed

Danced with this flier, a merry dance he led

Early in the morning, at the break of day

He gave to her his silver wings

And this to her did say

Take this my darling, to keep while I'm away

And give it to our offspring when you are old and gray.

If it's a daughter, keep a watchful eye

But if it's a son, send the rascal out to fly.

Tan covered trousers, shirt of khaki hue
He'll fly the airways like his daddy use to do
The moral or the story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a flier an inch above a tree.

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Chorus:

Roll me over, in the clover
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh this is number one and the fun has just begun
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

This is number two and my hand is on her shoe
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number three and my hand is on her knee
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number four and her skivies are on the floor
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number five and she's starting to come alive
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number six and I've got her in a fix
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number seven and it's starting to feel like heaven
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number eight and she is a real hot date
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number nine and it's really feeling fine
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number ten and we're starting it again
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number eleven and we should have stopped at seven
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number twelve she likes the way I delve
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number twenty and she thinks we've done it plenty
Roll me over lay me down and do it again

Chorus:

Oh this is number 21 her paw's gone to get his gun
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 22 and we're sticking just like glue
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 23 am I hurting? Pardon me.
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 24 now she's begging me for more
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 25 My goodness sakes alive
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 26 we're learning some new tricks
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 27 and I can't believe such heaven

Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 28 I see it's getting late
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 29 I really love this grind
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 30 and the song is getting dirty
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 40 Oh my lordy lordy
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 50 don't you think this song is nifty?
Roll me over lay me down and do it again.

Chorus:

Oh this is number 54 I can't do it any more
Roll me over lay me down and Don't do it again.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like B-29s
And I was a fighter, I'd buzz their behinds.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were fish in the ocean
And I was a whale, I would show them the motion.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over

Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like bricks in a pile
And I was a mason, I lay them in style.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like bells in a tower
And I was a clanger, I'd bang them for hours.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like seals in the pool
And I was a shark with a water-proof tool.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like little red foxes
And I was a hound dog, I'd snap at their boxes.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like ice cream sundaes
And I was a jerk, I'd eat out their undies.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

I wish all the girls were like trees in a forest
And I was a woodsman, I'd chop their clitoris.

Chorus:

Oh, Roll your leg over, oh roll it on over
Roll your leg over the man in the moon.

STREETS OF LAREDO

As I rode out in the streets of Laredo,
As I rode out in Laredo one day.
My hat wuz throw'd back and my spurs wuz a jinglin'
And as I rode along I heard someone say:
I can tell by your outfit that you are a cowboy.
I could tell by his out fit that he was a cowboy too
You can tell by our outfits that we are both cowboys,
Get yourself an outfit and you can be a cowboy too.

LLOYD GEORGE KNOWS MY FATHER (Onward Christian Soldiers)

Lloyd George knows my father, father knows Lloyd George
Lloyd George knows my father, father knows Lloyd George
Lloyd George knows my father, father knows Lloyd George
Lloyd George knows my father, father knows Lloyd George
Lloyd George knows my father, father knows Lloyd George etc....

LITTLE ROCK GRANDE (Tune: I'm an old cowhand, from the Rio Grande)

I'm an old cowhand, from the Rio Grande (not really)
But my legs ain't bowed and my cheeks ain't tan. (red maybe)
I ain't a real cowboy, but one thing I know
I sure like to go to a rodeo.
Then's it's up to my hotel for a doo-ti-doo.
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

I had a pick-up truck, I took the girls out for a little luck.
I had a carpet in the back, that was as soft as can be.
I told 'em it was just for you and me, lets get back there and see what we
can see.
(it worked too).
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.
My Hillery had a plan, she bought cattle futures for a grand
But her broker said, she didn't have to pay, he said he'd make her a bundle
anyway, damn if he didn't, so what can I say?
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Now about this Foster guy, and why he had to die,
I'm sure I don't understand, just what the heck got into that man,

But we destroyed all his papers so no one else can.
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

I like to keep fit, I jog around a bit.
These guards of mine, sure have a quick wit.
They keep away the people with no class,
Even an occassional pretty lass,
With whom I sure like a piece of ass. (dammit).
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

I was just a horny man, at the Little Rock Grande
I showed Paula Jones what I had as my plan
She told me that she didn't want to play
When I showed her my friend, she sure didn't stay
She didn't understand how I got that way
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

It was at the Excelsior, that I tried for sure (Shore)
To get Paula to...give me a little oral.
She took one look and then off she tore
Cause the patrolman didn't hold the door.
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Well it left me in a fix, I didn't get no tricks.
I don't see why she's so mad since I'm the one with an ache so bad.
She ran out on what fun we could of had
And that's the part that's really sad.
Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Now she's a suing me, for that incident.
Well, I told her that, no harm was meant.
I only intended to demonstrate
A oral game for her to participate
Now Hilly knows and that I really hate.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

I don't want to report, to a mean old court
Where the folks will learn, things of this sort
I wish this case could sort of slide and Paula would give me a
Little on the side and Hilly and I could just stay inside. (White House)
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Ms. Jones shows all, you bet, in that Playboy yet.

That she turned me down, I still regret.
I wish she had been as quiet as a mouse and done it without being
such a louse, then I could stay in this old White House.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

It was Marilyn Monroe, on JFK did bestow
A birthday act that made his face to glow
In the law books it was a sinful offense
But no one could impugn the precedence
Because you see, she swallowed the evidence
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

My hero, you see, was John F. Kennedy.
He was known about town, for his sexuality.
I want to be like him in every way, chase women in night-time
And even day. The girls called him the swordsman or so they say.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

The white water foes, are giving us the woes,
They want to know, 'bout things that ouch my toes.
I admit that I did no wrong, I forget the verse, but its still the
Same song. I kid you not, wouldn't string you along,
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Now Joycelyn Elders says, I'm a naughty prez.
There's diseases out there that we can scarcely guess.
A condom she wants me to use and bad things happen if I refuse
In this day and time there's no excuse.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Doctor Elders was let go, just a few days ago.
She was causing a stew on things she didn't really know.
Hillary said I couldn't wait, she told me to give her the gate.
Because Joycelyn she talked about, teaching kids how to masturbate.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

They say politics, is just full of tricks.
I resent the charge, that we're Arkansas hicks.
Of our smarts, I think, it is evident,
Cause I want to keep the money you think we spent.
And Hillary wants to stay on as your president.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

Now, Paula is a liar from start to start.
I don't care is she can, describe my body part.
A good man, I am and that's for sure, so vote for me, I do prefer,
And I'll do for you what I tried with her.
Oh, Yippy i-o kiyah-aay, yippy i-o kiyah.

WILL YOU GO BOOM TODAY
(Tah rah rah boom ti aay)

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.
If you fly a fifty-one, your troubles have all just begun
Cause if your coolant tank runs dry, you can't stay up in the sky.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

If you fly an 84, that jet's a ground loving whore
You won't be around much more, they'll come and scrape you off the
floor.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

If you fly an 86, swept-back wings and air don't mix
The Sabre is never fair, it often blows up in mid air.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

If you fly an 89, you must be deaf, dumb and blind
Cause your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow up time?

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

If you fly an F one hundred, chances are you're already dead
You've got nothing more to dread, just push it up and go ahead.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

If you fly a one-oh-one, just make sure your will is done.
One tight turn and you will learn, this jet does a crash and burn.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

If you fly a one-oh-two, just make sure the sky is blue
Cause if it feels one drop of rain, you'll have wreckage,
not a plane.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why we fly this way.

Oh don't give me a single plane at all, I got my wings to have a ball.
I'm afraid of flying and most of all. I sure can't stand to have a fall.

Chorus:

Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday. That's why I don't want to fly today.

THUD THEME

(When the Saints Go Marching In)

Oh when those Thuds, go scorching in,
Oh when those Thuds, go scorching in.
Oh you ought to feel that thunder,
When those Thuds, go scorching in.

Oh when their guns begin to roar,
Oh when their guns begin to roar,
Oh how I hate to hear them rumble,
When their big guns begin to roar.

Oh when the bombs, begin to fall,

Oh when the bombs, begin to fall,
Oh Lord, I'm proud to be in that number,
Just when the bombs, begin to fall.

Oh when their SAMs begin to soar,
Oh when their SAMs begin to soar,
Oh Lord I hate to see those poles a coming,
When their damned SAMs begin to soar.

Oh how I'm scared to go up there,
Oh how I'm scared to go up there,
But, I'll take my load up yonder
To where it scares me beyond compare.

SARAH

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in her Chevrolet
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in her Chevrolet
As she sits, she shifts her stick
As she shifts her stick, she sits
She shifts her stick and sits and shifts,
She sits and shifts and shifts her stick
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in her Chevrolet.

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a tailor shop
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a tailor shop
As she sits, she fits and tucks,
As she fits and tucks she sits
She fits and tucks and tucks and fits
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in a tailor shop

Sarah, Sarah, sitting at the bar
Sarah, Sarah, sitting at the bar
As she sits, she sips her Shlitz
As she sips her Shlitz, she sits.
She sits and sips and sips her Shlitz
She sips and sits and sips her Shlitz
Sarah, Sarah, sitting at the bar

Sarah, Sarah, sitting in an oyster bar
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in an oyster bar
As she shucks, she eats her plucks
As she eats her plucks, she shucks,

She plucks and shucks and sucks her plucks
She sucks and shucks her plucks she sucks
Sarah, Sarah, sitting in an oyster bar.
Sarah, Sarah, clerking at a cigar stand
Sarah, Sarah, clerking at a cigar stand
As she smokes she flicks her ash
As she flicks her ash she smokes
She smokes and flips and flips and smokes,
Her ash she smokes and flips her ash
Sarah, Sarah, clerking at a cigar stand.

Sarah, Sarah, sipping at a tea taste shop
Sarah, Sarah, sipping at a tea taste shop
As she tastes her sip, she spits,
As she spits her taste, she sips
She sips and spits and spits her taste
She tastes her sips and sips and spits,
Sarah, Sarah, sipping at a tea taste shop.

BUFFALO GALS

Gonna dance with the dolly with a hole in her stocking
And her knees keep a knocking and her heels keep a rocking
Gonna dance with the dolly with a hole in her stocking
Gonna dance by the light of the moon.
Oh Buffalo gals ain'cha coming out tonight, coming out tonight
Coming out tonight.
Oh ain'cha, ain'cha, ain'cha coming out tonight and dance
By the light of the moon.

BABYFACE

Babyface, you've got thr cutiest little babyface.
There's not another one can take your place
Babyface, you've got my heart a jumping
You sure have started something, babyface.
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your arm's embrace
I didn't need a shove, 'cause I just fell in love with your
Pretty babyface.

LILY MARLAINE

Underneath the lantern, by the barracks gate
Darling, I remember the way you use to wait
It was there that you whispered tenderly
That you loved me..youÆd always be
My Lily of the lamp light
My own Lily Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, time for us to part
Darling, IÆd caress you and press you to my heart
And thereÆneath that far off lantern light
IÆd hold you tight..weÆd kiss goodnight
My own Lily Marlene.

The months went by, it was too long
For us to be apart,
The soldiers drank and danced with her,
A time to test the heart.
Now by the lamp light,
She earns her way,
For a soldierÆs pay,
SheÆs my Lily of the lantern,
Lily, Lily Marlene.

Standing on the corner, at the close of day,
Standing by her lantern, where she earns her pay.
There's where you'll find her when you're all alone,
all alone, youÆre all alone.
The lady of the lantern, Lily, Lily Marlene.
Vo das studarten, bei dem grossen tor
Stehn in dem lantern
Vo stehn sie nach davore
Sie boten he rufs auf wiedersehn
Auf wiedersehn, auf wiedersehn
Mein Lily auf dem lantern
Mein tuer Lily Marlene.

Vor der Kaserne vor deur grossen tor
Stand eine lantern und steht sie nach davor.
Alle leute sollu gehn
Weun wir vor... der lantern stehn
Wie einst Lili Marlene.

Unsre beide scheilten, sahn wie einen aus

Jar wier lieb uns halten
Das sahn marr gesich devaus
Schon rief der poshen
Er reif der zaphenstreich
Es wird drei tage kosten
Kamerad ich komme ja gleich
Wie hast Lily auf dem lantern, Lily, Lily Marlene.

Standing on the corner, at the close of day,
Standing by her lantern, where she earns her pay.
There's where you'll find her when you're all alone,
all alone, youÆre all alone.
The lady of the lantern, Lily, Lily Marlene.

MADemoISELLE FROM ARMENTIERIES

Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, prettiest girl I've ever seen.
Hinky dinky, parlez vous.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, parlez vous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres, the lads are all in love you,
Hinky dinky, parlez vous.

The 1st Division was in the line, parlez vous,
The 2nd Division was in the line, parlez vous,
The 3rd Division was well behind,
Fucking the women and drinking the wine.
Hinky dinky, parlez vous.

The screaming shells are raining fast, parlez vous,
TheyÆre filled with deadly mustard gas, parlez vous,
You see the yellow mustard gas,
One tiny whiff will kill your ass,
Hinky dinky, parlez vous.

The Company ClerkÆs a slacker jerk, parlez vous,
He never does a bit of work, parlez vous,
He orders us up to the line,
But his medals all look so very fine,
Hinky dinky, parlez vous.

WAKKANAI

(Tune: Oh Christmas Tree)

(Wak KAN I)

Oh Wakkanai, oh Wakkanai, across the Strait from Sakhalin.
Oh Wakkanai, oh Wakkanai, it really snows in Wakkanai.
The nights are long, the days are not.
The beer is cold, the josans hot.
Oh Wakkanai, oh Wakkanai, I left my heart in Wakkanai.
Oh Wakkanai, oh Wakkanai, the northern tip of Hokkaido.
Oh Wakkanai, oh Wakkanai, I left my moose in Wakkanai.
The nights are cold, the futon's hot.
The front door's closed, the back door's not.
Oh Wakkanai, oh Wakkanai, I may extend for Wakkanai."

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of old Smokey, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting too slow
For courting's a pleasure but parting is grief
And a false-hearted lover is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave.
And the grave will decay you and turn you to dust
And you'll be forgotten and never know why.

On top of old Smokey, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting a might slow
For courting's a pleasure as nice as can be
But a false-hearted lover is like a barren fruit tree.
For its leaves they will wither and roots they will die
And you'll be forsaken and never know why.

(Special)

In the backseat of a Chevy, in a moment's heat glow,
She lost her virginity,.. her love was too slow.
He hauled down her panties, and spread wide her legs,
And what he did next was... fertilize her egg.
Now her belly's all swelled up, it's big as you see,
And come this April, a mommy she'll be.

He's off to new conquests, he's left her to grow
He said he won't marry, and she starting to show.
So listen all young maidens, I'll tell you what's true,
Be ever watchful, cause the boys like to screw.

Now take my friend Lulu, she's wild as can be
She's taken more lovers than leaves on a tree
And the boys all pursue her when seeking a thrill
Cause you see my girl Lulu, she's taking the pill
When Lulu won't let me and she's off on a spree
She's giving out pleasure and it's always free.
I'll find me another whose needs to fulfill
Then I'll drag out old smokey and start in to drill.

On top of old Smokey, was a blanket of snow.
I lost my excitement, 'twas the chill factor, you know.
Now I'll put it back inside, before it turns blue,
And be on my way, forget about the screw.

THAT'S AMORE

When she said, "What the hell, let's go get a motel!" That's amore.
It's a quarter to four and she's begging for more, she in lust.
When she scratches and screams, like a wildcat in heat, she's a nympho.
'Scusa me but you see back in old Napole, that's amore.

Well, you've laid around for a spell,
Now her tummy's on the swell.
Mama-mia, soon to be-aah.

Her papa's got a shotgun
And it's not just for fun.
Matrimony. No baloney (bologna)
You walk down the aisle and you're trying to smile,
Rice-a-rone.
'Scusa me but you see back in old Napole, that's amore.
She's dressed in white lace so you can't see her face,
What a vision. Go to prison.
Someone's wrote on the door, "she's a slut, she's a whore."
And you know there's no divorce in the region.

'Scusa me but you see back in old Napole, that's amore.
Bells will ring ring-a-ling-a ring-a-ling in the chapel.
Now it's legal. I'm not kidding.

Bands will play, tippy tippy tay tippy tippy tay.
'Cause you no longer single. Oh poor fella.

'Scusa me but you see back in old Napole, that's amore.
They say she's gone down on every man in that town.
Like a Hoover, what a glutton.

Her mama's broad as a mile with a big toothless smile,
That's your future, Happy whoopee.
'Scusa me but you see back in old Napole, that's amore.
THAT'S AMORE!

WHEN YOU WORE A BIG RED ROSE

When I wore a tulip, a big yellow tulip
And you wore a bright red rose,
Twas first I carressed you and then I undressed you
What a sight you showed to me.
I slipped off your scanties, your sheer lacy panties
To be down where the short hair grows,
And then to make life much sweeter,
I pulled out my peter and
White-washed your pretty red rose.

MARY (Ring Around the Mulberry Bush)

He use to like the the girls a lot
He use to date Mary
Then he tried it with a man,
Whoops, he's a fairy!
(Bill Clinton has a position for him and Mary.)

THERE ARE SMILES

There are smiles that make you happy,
There are smiles that make you blue
There are smiles that chase away the gray skies
Just the way the sunshine dries up all the dew.
There are clouds that have a silver lining...

WAIT 'TIL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE

Wait 'Til the Sun Shines Nellie
And the clouds go drifting by.

We will be so happy, Nellie, don't you cry.
Down lover's lane we'll wander,
Sweetheart, you and I.
So won't you wait 'til the sun shines, Nellie, by and by.

TAKE ME BACK TO TULSA
(Tune- DINAH)

Who's that girl with the red dress on, some folks call her Dinah,
Stole my heart away from me, way down in Lousiana.

Chorus

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.

I work all day to earn my pay, so I can please my honey,
But she really doesn't want my love, she just wants my money.

Chorus:

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.

I tried to fool around with every girl in town, cause I like to dally,
Til I got a hold of a red hot chick, they call her hotpants Sally. (OOH)

Chorus:

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.

I asked this miss for a little kiss, she laughed and told me maybe.
Now she claims I did it all and she's gonna have my baby.

Chorus:

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.

Dinah had two lovers, they both were very rich,
One was the son of a banker, the other was a son of a butcher (Minister)

Chorus:

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.

Drinking beer in a cabaret and was I having fun,
Til one night she caught me right and now I'm on the run.

Chorus.

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.
She went around behind the bush, I went around right with her,
Then she pulled up her dress, and I pulled out for Tulsa.

Chorus.

Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry,
Take me back to Tulsa, I'm too young to marry.

SOLDIERÆS CREED

I march my post from flank to flank
And shoot all men above my rank
In case of fire I ring a bell
In case of danger, run like hell.

I'M BACK IN THE SADDLE AGAIN

I'm back in the saddle again,
Out where a friend is a friend.
Where the longhorn cattle feed
On the lowly Jimsen weed.
I'm back in the saddle again.

I'm back on the range again,
I'm back where my life all began,
Where the longhorn doggies bawl
And the lonesome coyotes call
I'm back in the saddle again.

I'm singing my cattle calming tune
I'm strumming my guitar 'neath the moon.
Underneath a starry night
'Round the campfire, what a sight.
I'm back in the saddle again.

I'm riding the range, once more
Tottin' my ol' 44.

Where I camp out every night
And the only law is might.
I'm back in the saddle again.

ELI RANCHO GRANDE

I am the raunchy Grando, I got the gonorrhea
I got it from Maria, she gave it to me free-ya
It hurts so when I pee-ya
Give me back, my boots and saddle,
And I'll go back to punching cattle.

IÆM A GAMBLER

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the moonshine donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

IÆll tell you my story, IÆll bet itÆs the worst,
Cause itÆs the tale of a man with a terrible thirst.
Then I found gambling to be to my taste
Now, IÆm a cursed man whose a helluva waste.

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the moonshine donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

I once rode out west to prospect for some gold,
I filled up my pockets with all they could hold.
Then came the part thatÆs all very sad,
I gambled away all that I had.

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the moonshine donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

IÆve Rambled around from town to town,
Sometimes IÆm up and others IÆm down.

IÆve gamble with cards and also with dice,
Because IÆm a gambler and IÆll pay the price.

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the moonshine donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

I met me a woman, as prim as can be,
She said no more gambling or drinking for me.
She said I must change when I take her to wife,
So I got on my horse and I rode for my life.

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the moonshine donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

I love rye whisky, I drink it some time,
And to get it, IÆll spend my last dime.
I awake in the morning and I know itÆs been said,
I have this great pounding and ache in my head.

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the moonshine donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

I went into a bar to get me a drink,
I asked for rye whisky and what do you think,
The barman showed me a bottle and this I was told
HeÆd sell it to me for two pounds of gold.

Chorus:

IÆm a Rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the rye whisky donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

Now, rye whisky, rye whisky, rye whisky, I cry.

If I donÆt get rye whiskey, I surely will die.
If the ocean was whisky, and I was a duck,
IÆd swim to bottom and never would rise.

Chorus:

IÆm a rambler, IÆm a gambler and a long way from home,
And if you donÆt like me, then leave me alone.
IÆll eat when IÆm hungry, IÆll drink when IÆm dry
And if the rye whisky donÆt kill me, IÆll live til I die.

AMOR

Amor, amor, amor,
When you appear, I know, my dear,
How much I love you.
Amor, amor, amor,
These words so sweet, that I repeat,
Means, I adore you.

I canÆt think of anything that sounds quite so dear,
Or means as much as when you whisper in my ear,
(And thatÆs when I reach back and undo your brassiere)
Amor, amor, amor,
When youÆre away, there is no day
And nights are lonely.

Amor, amor, my love,
Make life devine, say youÆll be mine
And love me only.

I canÆt think of anything that sounds quite so dear,
Or means as much as when you whisper in my ear,
(And thatÆs the fun part when I get down to your rear)

Please hear my plea, and rescue me,
Say you wonÆt charge me.

Amor...Amor.

LÆVE LAID AROUND VIETNAM TOO LONG

Chorus:

IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

LBJ and Ho Chi Minh, they donÆt get along
They donÆt get along,
Ho Chi Minh and LBJ, they donÆt get along
And I feel like I need to travel on.

Chorus:

IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

McNamara betrayed us with his rules to fight the war,
His rules to fight the war, his way to fight the war.
Yes, McNamara betrayed us with his rules to fight the war,
His rules to fight the war, and I think I need to be moving on.

Chorus:

IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

LBJÆs little daughters are getting married off,
Getting married off, getting married off.
LBJÆs little daughters are getting married off,
TheyÆll soon be married off, and IÆd like to be moving on.

Chorus:

IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

Papa writes to Johnny, but Johnny canÆt come home,
Johnny canÆt come home, no Johnny canÆt come home.
Papa writes to Johnny, but Johnny canÆt come home,
HeÆs been in the Hanoi Hilton too long.

Chorus:

IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

Want to see my honey, want to see her bad,
I want to see her bad, yes, I want to see her bad.
I want to see my honey, I need her oh so bad
And I feel like I need to be going home.

Chorus:

IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

Black pajama Viet Cong are coming after me,
TheyÆre coming after me, theyÆre coming after me.
The black pajama, straw lampshade hats
Are every where I see and I feel like I need to be going home.

Chorus:
IÆve laid around and played around Vietnam too long
SummerÆs come and gone, monsoonÆs coming on.

I CANÆT GET STARTED WITH YOU

IÆve flown around the world in a plane.
IÆve settled revolutions in Spain.
The North Pole, I have charted.
Still I canÆt get started with you.

On the golf course, IÆm under par,
And Metro GoldwynÆs asked me to star.
IÆve got a house and showplace,
Still I canÆt get no place with you.

Cause youÆre so supreme,
Lyrics I write of you....I dream,
Dream day and night of you,
And I scheme....just for the sight of you.
Baby, what can I do.

IÆve been consulted by Franklin D.
And Greta Garbo gave me her key.
Still IÆm broken hearted
Cause I canÆt get started with you.

In 1929, I sold short,
In England, IÆm presented at court.
But youÆve got me downhearted,
Cause I canÆt get started with you.

OVER THERE

Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun.
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.
Uncle Sam is calling you and me,

Every son of liberty.

We are not to whine, not delay, not to beg.
Make you very glad to have a hand across the land.
Then youÆll see thereÆs naught but to fight
To be proud to fall in line.

CHORUS:

Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, over there.
That the (boys) Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
TheyÆre rum tum tumming everywhere.
Over there, over there,
Send the word, send the word, to beware.
WeÆre coming over, weÆll soon be over,
And we wonÆt come back till itÆs over over there.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.
Strike up a Lucifer to light your fag,
And smile boys, thatÆs the style.
WhatÆs the use of worrying,
It never was worth while.
So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And smile, smile, smile.

TIPPERRARY

ItÆs a long way to Tipperary.
ItÆs a long way to go.
Oh itÆs a long way to Tipperary
And the sweetest girl I know.

So long to Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square
Oh itÆs a long, long way to Tipperary
And my heart is there.

AND ANOTHER LITTLE DRINK

Another little and another little drink

Another little drink wonÆt do us any harm

Another little and another little drink
Another little drink wonÆt do us any harm

THEREÆS A LONG, LONG TRAIL

ThereÆs a Long, long trail a winding,
Into the lands of my dreams,
.....down that long, long trail with you.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY

A young fighter pilot lay dying,
ThoÆ he was not yet quite dead,
The women around him were crying,
And these are the words that he said:
ôTake the cylinder out of my kidney
The connecting rod out of my brain.
From the small of my back, take the cam shaft
And assemble the engine again.ö

For we are the boys that fly high in the sky.
Bosom buddies while boosing are we.
We are the boys they send up to die
Bosom buddies while boozing are we.

I flew dawn patrol this morning,
The weather gave promise of rain,
Behind the lines I ventured.
And that was the source of my pain.

So, stand to your glasses steady,
Let not a tear fill your eye.
Toast to the dead already,
Lest I am the next one who dies.

The Hienies started a ruckus
Their archies were belching up flame,
They shot my poor plane all to pieces,
A most misfortunate shame
Yes, we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boosing are we.

We are the boys they send up to die,
Bosom buddies while boosing are we.

Across deathÆs dark skies we ramble,
Borne on wings cabled with steel,
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards stacked for the deal.

Stand to your glasses steady,
Let not a tear fill your eye.
Drink to the dead already,
And hereÆs to the next man who dies.

We climb in the purple twilight,
We loop in the silvery dawn,
Trailing black smoke behind us
To show where our friends have all gone.

For, we are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boosing are we.
We are the boys they send up to die,
Bosom buddies while boosing are we.

While up in headquarters, they scream and they shout,
ôBout things that they know nothing about,
But we are the lads they send up to die,
Bosom buddies while boosing are we.

Now we sit æneath resounding rafters,
The walls all around us are bare,
They echo back the laughter,
It seems that the dead are all here.

Stand to your glasses steady,
Let not a tear fill your eye.
Drink to the dead already,
And hereÆs to the next man who dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by this land that we find,
The good men have all gone before us,
Only the dull left behind..

Stand to your glasses steady,
The world is a web of lies,
We drink to the dead already,
And cheer for the next man who dies.

Hip hipàhurray.

THE REVEL

East India

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout back our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
We drink in our comrades' eyes:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise:
A cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
And many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
Then stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies.

Time was when we laughed at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! Ha! Let them think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again.

No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless is here the wise:
One cup to the lead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
Come, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys:
A cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapor flies:
Quaff a cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul can sting no more?
No, stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies:
A cup to the dead already--
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
When the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest are most behind--
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
One cup to the dead already--
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Bartholomew Dowling

[The above poem is supposed to have been written in India while the plague was playing havoc among the British residents and troops there. It has been attributed to Alfred Domett as well as Bartholomew Dowling.]

EVENING SHADOWS

Evening shadows make me blue,
When each weary day is through
Darling how I truly miss,
My happiness.
A million nights, it seems,
Have gone by since we shared our dreams.

Darling how I reminisce,
Longing for your tender kiss
When I hold you again,
ThereÆll be no lost memories then.
Just as long as IÆm with you
Any dream on earth will do.
Darling how I wish for this
In my happiness.

YELLOW RIBBON

Around her neck, she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the spring time and in the month of May.
When I asked her why she wore the ribbon,
She said itÆs for her lover who is in the cavalry.
Cavalry, cavalry, she said itÆs for her lover who is in the cavalry.

Down the street, she pushed a baby buggy,
She pushed it in the winter because her lover had his way.
Had his way, back in May, she pushed it cause her lover had his way in
May.

THE KENNEDY BALLAD

HereÆs a little story about a man named Ted.
HeÆs always on the make just to keep his ego fed.
Then one time up in Chappaquiddick town,
He was spared, by gosh, but Mary Jo drowned.
Edward, Edward Kennedy, survivor of the Kennedy clan.
(The bridge was broke, thatÆs no joke.)

(Providence spared him for better things to come.)
Now youÆve hear of Jack and Bobby and so,
Off to old D.C. he just had to go. (Senator, that is)
There were lots of girls that he managed to make,
And I don't see how he had time to legislate.
Edward, Edward Kennedy, a clansman through and through.
(Bedroom golf, anyone?)

Out on a yacht, he took a young lass,
His goal was not for deep sea bass.
But it seemed this lass was really most willing,
So Ted changed his position on off-shore drilling.
Teddy, Teddy Kennedy, true to the Kennedy clan.
(Environmentally correct when erect)

The women like him to champion their cause,
He joins right in, doesnÆt even make a pause.
Bet thereÆs a reason they rush to old Ted,
ItÆs more than their aims that really get spread.
Teddy, Teddy, Kennedy, a swordsman of the clan.
(HeÆll find a need and fill it.)

Now Boston is known to ban books and smut,
The fathers keep Massachusetts all nice and shut.
So they send old Ted off to legislate,
And protect their daughters from an immoral rake.
Teddy, Teddy Kennedy, leader of the Kennedy clan.
(Teenaged pregnancy, old TedÆll get to the root of it. You betcha!!)

So, for Ted Kennedy, I hope youÆll vote
Send him off to Washington, our goals to promote.
Let him sow his family seeds in old D.C.
And keep our daughters safe, as you can plainly see.
Edward, Edward Kennedy, Patriarch of the family.
(Oh, Mr. Oswald, youÆre suppose to use a shotgun, not a rifle.)

BRASSIERE
(Tune- Brazil)

Brassiere, oh when you nestle against my ear,
Things all start to come quite clear, my dear, Brassiere.

Chorus:

Flip that tit, make that nipple drip,
Flip that tit, make that nipple drip.
Brassiere, Brassiere, Brassiere.

TOOTHBRUSH

(Same old Saturday Night)

Missed the crapper last night, messed all over the floor,
Cleaned it up with my toothbrush,
Don't brush my teeth much anymore.

SOMETIMES

Everybody loves somebody, sometimes
Everybody falls in love somehow,
Something that that girl just told me
My one time ain't now.
Everybody needs a little sometimes
Everybody wants some now and then
Someone who would be worth waiting..
For someone like you.
Now if I had it in for just an hour,
Even she would see how nice it all could be,
In it every minute every hour, and
Every boy would find what I found in your arms.
Everybody loves somebody sometimes
And I know that mine is overdue
But that girl just keeps on saying
My one time ain't now.

FLAMING FAIRIES (PINK BERETS)

(Tune - Berets)

Flaming fairies, we are so shy
I broke a nail, oh I could cry.
The mean ole sergeant, he thinks we're pips
We bat our eyes and swish our hips

We are so proud to be this way
We are the fairies of the pink beret.

Bill Clinton's gays, we are the best
Much sweeter than all of the rest
He let us join this army thing
Now I think we're owed a friendship ring

We are so silly all in drag
Want to play a game of tag?
I touch you there and everywhere
You touch me back, ooh I don't care.
One hundred men we'll do today
By little ole gays of the pink beret.

These army suits, they are so neat
Think we look good enough to eat?
Oh put my earclips on my nuts
That feels so nice, now spank my butt

I giggle so when I see you rise
I'd like to show you my surprise
To serve our country is such a thrill
Dressed in uniform or not, I will
No matter what the civilians say
We are Bill Clinton's pink berets.

So into battle, we'll lead the band
Please don't say, no man's land.
The enemy is like an awful brute
But, really dear, I think they're cute.
I'll take him on in a foxhole there
Cause my nylons are the wash 'n wear.
And if he wins and I lose the test
He'll know he's had the very best
Let me endure it all, I pray
Cause that's what Bill wants of his pink berets.

LOVING

(the Joycelyn Elders song)

When it's raining, put your rubbers on your feet.
When it's storming, put your rubbers on your feet.
But when you're loving....(put your rubbers on too!)

MY FATHER IS A FIREMAN

My father is a fireman
He puts out fires
My brother is a fireman
He puts out fires
My sister Sal is a firemanÆs gal
She puts out too.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My brotherÆs a real missionary
He saves little girlies from sin.
HeÆll save you a blonde for five dollars,
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My uncle paints real Frenchy postcards
My auntie, she poses for him
Her costume costs nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

I tried making all kinds of whisky
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition IÆm in.

CHORUS:

Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition IÆm in, IÆm in.
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition IÆm in.

My father, he died in the bathtub
My mother she died in the gin
My sister she married my brother
My God what a mess I am in.

Mess, mess, mess, mess, my God what a mess I am in, IÆm in.
Mess, mess, mess, mess, my God what a mess I am in.

STRANGER IN PARADISE

Take my hand, IÆm a stranger in Paradise,
And that stranger has stranger eyes,
For this stranger in Paradise ...OH MY,
Enough for the gay crowd.

LITTLE WHITE LIES

The moon was all a-glow, and heaven was in your eyes,
The night that I told you, those little white lies.
My heart was filled with song, and my love for you was strong.
The night that I told you, ôThis couldnÆt be wrong.ö
The stars were in the sky, and lust was in your sighs,
The night that you spread those, lilly white thighs.
Now itÆs plain as it can be, a doctor, IÆve gone to see,
Because you just gave me, a case of V.D.

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

Thanks for the mammaries,
TheyÆre ôDö cups not the small,
I dearly loved them all,
I pressed my lips, did nipple flips,
I really had a ball.
Thank you so much.

Thanks for the memories,

You rode in my pick-up truck,
I couldn't believe my luck,
I heard you sigh when I touched your thigh
And you never charged me a buck,
So, thank you so much.

Thanks for the memories,
We parked on lover's lane,
Not a rubber to my name,
But most of all, you let me ball
We did it just the same,
So, thank you so much.

HAVE I TOLD YOU LATELY

Have I told you lately that I love you?
Shall I tell you once again sweetheart?
I'd like to tell you how deep my love goes,
But it's check out time so please put on your clothes.

THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL

There's a small hotel with a wishing well,
I wish that we were there, together!
Anyone???

MAILMAN THEME (Bye Bye Blackbird)

Make you happy, make you gay
That's cause I come once a day
I'm your mailman.
Bang your knockers, ring you bell
Bet you think I'm really swell
I'm your mailman

I can come in any kind of weather
That's because my bags are made of leather
I don't need no keys or locks,
I'll just stick it in your box
I'm your mailman.

BALLAD OF THE BOBBIT HILLBILLIES
(Tune of the Beverly Hillbillies)

Here's a little story of a man named John
A poor ex-marine with a little fraction gone
It seems one night after getting with his wife
She lopped off his schlong with the swipe of a knife
Pecker, that is...clean cut...missed nuts.

Well, the next thing you know there's a Ginsu by his side
And Lorena'a in the car taking willie for a ride
She soon got tired of her purple headed friend
And tossed him out the window as she rounded the bend
Curve, that is...Pricker shrubs...wheel hubs...
Tossed the nub..in the shrub.

She went to the cops and confessed to the attack
And they called out the hounds just to get his weenie back
They sniffed and they barked, then they pointed "over there"
Where John Wayne's henry that was wavin' in the air.
Found, that is...by a fence, evidence.

Now peter and John couldn't stay apart too long
So a dick doc said, "Hey, I can fix your dong!"
A needle and thread's just the thing you're gonna need
Then the world held its breath 'till they heard that John peed
Whizzed.. that is
Stitched seam..straight stream.

Playboy and Penthouse, they did a spread on him
They showed lots of bare assed girls, but none of Tiny Tim.
The girls were pretty enough to all be movie stars
But you ain'Et never gonna get a glimpse of Old Johnny'Es battle scars
I'Ell come to the point, it'Es an unsightly rejoined joint.
So don'Et yank on this dandy doodle, it might come off in your handy.

Johnny healed and he hardened and he took his case to court
With a cockeyed lawyer since his assets came up short.
They cleared her of assault and acquitted him of rape
And his pecker was the only one they didn't show on tape
Video..that is Unexposed...case closed...
Ya'll sleep on your stomachs now, yah hear!

Σονγ Τεξτσ φρομ Βιλλ Περσον 75

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